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W.M. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION 'A COVENANT WITH DEATH
AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.'

'Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding
lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their
assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to
secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their
slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years,
of preserving the African slave trade; the second was
the obligation to surrender fugitive slaves—an en-
gagement which they violated by the laws of God,
delivered from Sinai; and thirdly, the execution fatal
to the principles of popular representation, of a repre-
sentation for slaves—for articles of merchandise,
and not for men, for whom there is no name, and
no name for persons. . . . Its reciprocal operation
upon the government of the nation is, to establish an
artificial majority in the slave representation over that
of the free people, in the American Congress, and
hereto to make the PRESERVATION, PROPAGA-
TION, AND PEPPERATION OF SLAVERY THE
VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NA-
TIONAL GOVERNMENT.—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

VOL. XIX. NO. 23.

Selections.

From Mackay's Travels.

THE SLAVE QUESTION IN AMERICA

The Union is now composed of thirty different States, fifteen of which are free, and fifteen slaveholding. For some years back, new States have been introduced in couples, so as to preserve the established equilibrium. When Michigan was introduced as a free, Arkansas came in as a slave State; Iowa was a free, set to Florida as a slaveholding acquisition, while Wisconsin was balanced against Texas. With the exception of the American port of Oregon, there is now no available territory in the North, out of which free States may be created, to counterbalance the many slave States which must be carved out of the immense regions which are regarded as open for acquisition in the South. So long as both parties could play at State making against each other, the crisis of the slavery question was indefinitely postponed. But this game is about to cease, and the whole subject is now assuming an aspect of gravity, such as it has never before worn. Passing events are rapidly magnifying the difficulty, and the free communities are beginning seriously to consider the course which they should adopt in the event of certain contingencies.

A large accession of territory in the south-west will be a certain result of the Mexican war. If slavery

is to be extended over this new territory, the Northern States must follow one of these courses: they

must seize the British provinces, dissolve the Union,

or resign themselves to the predominance of the slaveholding interest in the council of the nation.

The first of these can hardly enter seriously into their

desire; the second, as far as we know, is the most per-

manent; and, for sale by

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T I O N E R Y ,

AS. FRENCH,
Washington street,

question.

From the [Kingston, Jamaica] Morning Herald.

DISSOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN UNION.

We have inserted in another part of this day's paper an account of the proceedings at the seventh annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, held in Boston on the 24th January last. The account is extracted from the New York Herald, which appeared determined it should not be overshot, and therefore adopted the imposing heading, 'PROPOSED DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.' That paper was not content, however, with thus drawing public attention to the Boston meeting. It deemed the subject of sufficient interest to call for a long editorial article, and as it never hesitates to make montane of mole hills, it added, 'STARTLING ABOLITION MOVEMENTS IN NEW ENGLAND,' to the original announcement of 'PROPOSED DISSOLU-
TION OF THE UNION.' We give the article in question entire, in connection with the report of the proceedings, as these comments upon anti-slavery movements never fail, however uninteresting they may be, to do good to the cause in the long run. Many a man who would not touch an anti-slavery paper, will spew over every word of the report in the Herald, induced to do so by the comments of its editor. Is he secretly a friend of the cause? The article is remarkable for the innocency with which it observes upon the conduct of the Society. 'It will be seen,' it says, 'that the abolition of the tenure of a slave population at the South, at all and every hazard, is declared to be the first and ultimate purpose of these people,' just as though this determination had been expressed in Boston in January last for the first, and the abolitionists had ever disregarded their intention of putting an end to the tenure by which man proposes to hold them in power. The words 'at all and every hazard,' though doubtless intended by the Herald, are very emphatic, and to convey a great deal more than the ear, signify nothing beyond the determination of the abolitionists to destroy that tenure by every lawful and constitutional means. Its destruction was, as a matter of course, the first and ultimate purpose. Whoever heard of an anti-slavery society which was not formed for the express purpose of putting an end to slavery, or at least to the abolition of the tenure of the slave population? To root up slavery and substitute freedom—to leave the man now at the disposal of another, and under legal compulsion to obey his mandate and submit to his will, at liberty to think and judge for himself—to dispose of himself in the way he thinks best, and most conducive to his own happiness and advantage, and to be governed by his own judgment, is the main end and object of anti-slavery movements and efforts. It is a noble and praiseworthy attempt to elevate man to the dignity of man. And to accomplish this, the planarians of America will not hesitate even to dissolve their connection with the slaveholders of the South. They will come out from among them, and be separate; and, whether it regards Church or State, will have no connection with men who persist in maintaining and perpetuating a system which they believe to be sinful.'

But we are gravely told that the principles and purposes of the anti-slavery society did not excite so much attention at first as they do now. There was



J. B. YERRINGTON & SON, PRINTERS.

WHOLE NO. 961.

BOSTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1849.

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The gentleman to whom he was consigned, spent the night previous to his arrival, sleepless. His expectation was—yes, he felt it certain—that, instead of a living man, he should find a corpse in the box containing to him. And when he found it safely deposited in his house, such was his excitement that, for a while, he dared not approach it; but having gathered about him some friends to sympathize with him in his emotion, and sustain and strengthen him to meet the worst, he approached the box, and knocking on it with his knuckles, exclaimed, ‘Is all right within?’ and to his unspeakable joy, the response came, ‘All right!’ (Great sensation.) For a while, so great was his agitation, that he could hardly use the instruments that were necessary to relieve him from his imprisonment; but when the cover was removed, a man—a true man—a noble man arose from the temporary coffin into a living life—a new life indeed, unless there be some men enough in this part of the country to allow him to be restored to the living death from which he has escaped. The moment he appeared, the gentleman to whom he had been consigned, as soon as he could give vent to his feelings, exclaimed in a burst of emotion—for he knew not what he said, and yet, Mr. President, he said that which was well-nigh exactly true—‘You are the greatest man in America’! (Laughter and applause.) Certainly, no man in America has done what Henry Clay has done. His escape will be remembered as long as the history of the struggles of Humanity for her rights shall be remembered. As soon as he was released, having waked the room, stretched his limbs, filled his lungs for the first time with the air of liberty, and gathered up into his soul a realizing sense of his deliverance, the spirit of gratitude to God came over his heart, and he burst out into an anthem that will never be forgotten, and was never sung more appropriately than then—I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.’

SPEECH OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS next took the platform, and was received with loud applause. Before proceeding to speak, Mr. GARRISON read several resolutions, from the Business Committee, in condemnation of the American Colonization Society, and of the recent Letter of Henry Clay to Richard Pindell, Esq. (for which see first page.) Mr. DOUGLASS spoke in support of these resolutions as follows—

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—I never rise to speak in Faneuil Hall, without a deep sense of my want of ability to do justice to the subject upon which I undertake to speak. I can do a pretty good business, some have said, in the country school houses in Western New York and elsewhere; but when I come before the people of Boston in Faneuil Hall, I feel my exceeding weakness. I can tell all the more embarrassed this evening, because I have to speak to you in respect to a subject concerning which an apology seems to be demanded. I allude to the subject of the American Colonization Society—a subject which has had a large measure of anti-slavery attention, and been long since disposed of at the hands of Wm. Lloyd Garrison. The only apology that I can make for calling attention to it this evening is, that it has had a sort of ‘revival,’ or late, through the agency of a man whom I presume a large portion of this audience esteem and admire. I allude to the Honorable Henry Clay of Kentucky. (Applause.) Though not a Yankee, you see I guessed correctly. I have presumed rightly that you esteem and admire that gentleman. Now, if you admire Mr. Clay, of course you would like to know all about him. You would like, of course, to hear whatever can be said of him, and said fairly, although a black man may presume to say it.

Mr. Clay has recently given to the world a letter, purporting to advocate the emancipation of the slaves of Kentucky. That letter has been extensively published in New England as well as other parts of the United States; and in almost every instance where a Whig paper has spoken of the letter, it has done so in terms of high approval. The plan which Mr. Clay proposes is one which seems to meet almost the universal assent of the Whig party at the North; and many religious papers have copied the article, and spoken in terms of high commendation of the humanity, of the clear-sightedness and philanthropy of Henry Clay. Now, my friends, I am going to speak to you in a manner that, unless you allow your reason and not your prejudices to prevail, will provoke from you demonstrations of disapprobation. I beg of you, then, to hear me calmly—without prejudice or opposition. You, it must be remembered, have it in your hands all power in this land. I stand here not only in a minority, but identified with a class whom every body can insult with impunity. Surely, the ambition for superiority must be great indeed in honorable men to induce them to insult a poor black man, whom the basest fellow in the street can insult with impunity. Keep this in mind, and hear what I have to say with regard to Mr. Clay’s letter, and his position as a slaveholder.

The letter of Mr. Clay commences in a manner that gives promise to the reader that he shall find it a consistent, straight-forward anti-slavery document. It commences by refuting, with one or two strokes of the pen, the vast cart-loads of sophistry piled up by Mr. Calhoun and others, in favor of perpetual slavery. He shows clearly that Mr. Calhoun’s theory of slavery, if admitted to be sound, would enslave the whites as readily as it enslaves the blacks;—this would follow necessarily. Glancing at the question of the natural inferiority of the colored man, he says:—‘Admitting a question he does not raise—and admitting that the whites of this country are superior to the blacks, the fact devolves upon the former the duty of enlightening, instructing and improving the condition of the latter.’ These are noble sentiments, worthy of the heart and head of a great and good man. But how does Mr. Clay propose to carry out this plan? He goes on to state, that, in carrying out his proposed plan of gradual emancipation, great care should be taken that the rights and interests of the slaveholder should not be jeopardized. He proceeds to state that the utmost caution and prudence should guide the hand that strikes down slavery in Kentucky. With reference to emancipation, he affirms that it should not commence until the year 1835. The plan is, that all children born of slave parents in Kentucky after the year 1830, shall be free after arriving at the age of twenty-five. He sets therefore the day of emancipation beyond the average length of the slave’s life; for a generation of slaves in the far South die out in seven years. But how would he have these children of slave parents free? Not free to work for themselves—not free to live on the soil that they have cultivated with their own hard hands—that they have nourished with their best blood, and toiled over and beautified and adorned—but that then they shall be let out under an agent of the State, for three long years, to raise one hundred and fifty dollars, with which to pay the price of their own expatriation from their family and friends. Voices—Shame!

Mr. Douglass.—I hear the cry of shame—yes, it is a deep and damning shame. He declares in that letter, that not only shall these emancipated slaves work three years, but that he, Mr. Clay, will oppose any measure for emancipation without the expatriation of the emancipated slaves. Just look at the peculiar operation of this plan. Let us suppose that it is adopted, and that in the year 1830 it commences. All children born of slave parents are to be free in the year 1833. It is well known that all persons in the South have contracted marriages long before this period, and have become parents, some having children from one to four years of age. Henry Clay’s plan is, that when these persons arrive at the age of twenty-eight, these parents shall be torn away from their tender children, and hurried off to Liberia or somewhere

else; and that the children taken from these parents, before they have become acquainted with the paternal relation, shall remain another twenty-eight years; and when they have remained that period, and have contracted matrimonial alliances, and become fathers and mothers, they too shall be taken from their children, the slaveholders having kept them at work for twenty-eight years, and hurried off to Liberia.

But a darker, base feature than all these appears in this letter of Mr. Clay. It is this—He speaks of the loss which the slaveholder will be called on to experience by the emancipation of his slaves. But he says that even this trifling expenditure may be prevented by leaving the slaveholder the right to sell—mortgage—to transfer his slave property *at any time* during the twenty-five years. Only look at Henry Clay’s generosity to the slaveholders of Kentucky. He has twenty-five long years during which to watch the slave markets of New Orleans, of Memphis, of Vicksburg and other Southern cities, and to watch the prices of cotton and rice and tobacco on the other side of the Atlantic, and as the prices rise there in these articles, he may expect a corresponding rise in the price of flesh in the slave markets, and then he can sell his slaves to the best advantage. Thus it is that the glorious State of Kentucky shall be made free, and yet her purse be made the heavier in consequence of this. This is not a proposition for emancipation, but a proposition to Kentucky to sell off the slaves she holds in her possession, and then throw into the far Southern States—and then hypocritically boast of being a free State, while almost every slave born upon her soil remains a slave. And this is the plan of the good Henry Clay, whom you esteem over his heart, and he burst out into an anthem that will never be forgotten, and was never sung more appropriately than then—I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.’

—

I want to say a word about the Colonization Society, of which Henry Clay is President. He is President of nothing else. (Laughter.) That Society is an old enemy of the colored people in this country. Almost every respectable man belongs to it, either by direct membership or by affinity. I meet with colonizationists everywhere; I met with a number of them the other day, on board the steamer Alida, going from Albany to New York. I wish to state my experience on board of that steamer, and as it is becoming a subject of newspaper remark, it may not be out of place to give my version of the story—On Thursday last, I took my passage on board the steamer Alida, as I have stated, to go from Albany to New York. I happened to have, very contrary to American taste and American prejudices and customs, in my company, a couple of friends from England—persons who had not been ashamed—nor had they cause to be ashamed from any feeling that exists in that country against the colored man—of being found on equal social terms with him in the city of London. They happen now to be sojourning in this country; and as if unaware of the prejudice existing in this country, or, if aware, perfectly regardless of it, they accompanied me on the steamer, and shared, of course, my society, or permitted me to share theirs on the passage to New York. About noon, I went into the cabin, and inquired of one of the waiters if we could have dinner. The answer was, we could. They had on a sign on each side of the captain’s office, words to this effect: ‘Meals can be received in the cabin at any hour during the day, by application to the steward.’ I made the application, and expected, of course, that dinner would be forthcoming at the time appointed. The bell rung—and though I do not know as it was altogether wise and prudent, I took a lady on each arm—for my friends were white ladies, you must know—and moved forward to the cabin. The fact of their being white ladies will enable you more readily to understand the cause of the intensity of hate displayed towards me. I went below, forgetting all about my complexion, the curl of my hair, or the flatness of my nose, only remembering I had two elbows and a stomach, and was exceedingly hungry. (Laughter.) I walked below, as I have said, and took my seat at the table, supposing that the table was the place where a man should eat. It is because the American Colonization Society cherishes and fosters this feeling of hatred against the black man, that I am opposed to it. And I am especially disposed to speak out my opposition to that colonization scheme to-night, because not only of the renewed interest excited in the colonization scheme by the efforts of Henry Clay and others, but because there is a lecturer in the shape of the Rev. Mr. Miller, of New Jersey, now in England, soliciting funds for our expatriation from this country, and going about trying to organize a society, and to create an impression in favor of removing us from this country. I would ask you, my friends, if this is not mean and impudent in the extreme, for one class of Americans to ask for the removal of another class? I feel, sir, I have as much right in this country as any other man. It is not in consequence of my complexion that I was driven out of the cabin, for I could have remained there as a servant; but being there as a gentleman, having paid my own passage, and being in company with intelligent, refined persons, was what awakened the hatred, and brought down upon me the insulting manifestations I have alluded to.

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MEETINGS IN THE MELODEON.

SPEECH OF EDMUND QUINCY.

TUESDAY EVENING, May 29.

Mr. QUINCY came forward, and offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, That it is our duty to agitate the question of slavery till the soil of New England is pure enough to free every man who sets foot upon it; and moreover, we pledge ourselves to trample under foot any law which allows the slaveholder to hunt the fugitive slave through our borders, and not only to make New England, so far as in us lies, an asylum for the oppressed, but to proclaim the fact so loudly that the glad tidings may reach every slave hut of the South."

Mr. Quincy supported the resolution in an able speech, of which the following is a very imperfect report:

laws you, as Americans, sustain. Consider whether these laws, which bind you and me to their support, are legitimate laws—laws that will receive the sanction of the Most High God—for no other laws are binding upon the children of God; and in the light of these truths, and in the presence of these witnesses, swear that no fugitive slave shall ever be taken from you, and that your roof shall be a shelter, your hearth a protection; and that you will not rest until the slave, escaping here, is safe as when he lands upon the fast-anchored isle, and his fetters drop from his limbs, and he stands up a man. Let Massachusetts become indeed a free State—a State where all who inherit it, all who fly to it for refuge, shall be recognized in their humanity; their rights, as immortal beings, acknowledged, and they treated as the brethren of men and the children of God deserve to be treated. (Applause.)

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. PHILLIPS said, we sometimes, in the course of these discussions, touch upon questions that become almost unintelligible to those who have not time to investigate at length the anti-slavery question. It seems to me, however, that to-night we have in the persons of those who appeared, an appeal that the most simple cannot misunderstand, and that the most prejudiced cannot refuse to see. We do not ask you to determine questions of government or religion. We do not ask you to settle the dogmas of theological or political economy; but we ask you to listen to the dictates of humanity, the better impulse of your hearts. Before you stand poor and oppressed fugitives. They came out from the midst of perils such as the liveliest fancy cannot exaggerate. If there is any romance in life—and over the ordinary romance of the day, people will linger with intense interest—the escape of the slave across the border land forms that romance. Fresh scenes of oppression and cruelty—carrying in their every heart the evidence of the highest type of humanity—thus they come among us. I appeal to every American man or woman who hears me, and ask him or her what is their duty in the premises. Here, before you, stands your brother man. Will you shield him here, or give him up? The law says you must take the latter course. Every church in this city, with perhaps one or two uncertain exceptions, would say it is a dereliction of duty to the Government for you to relieve Ellen Craft, to encourage her in her escape from her master. And there are even some trembling abolitionists, who go so far as to say that they would not tempt a slave to leave his master. That is the moral sense of the Puritanism of New England. Of, of all scoundrels that disgrace God's earth, the religious scoundrel is the basest!

You know that I do not pervert the tone of the religious sentiment of Boston, when I say that it condemns us to-night for harboring fugitive slaves. The clergy and church of Boston would not in any way lend their sanction to such unpatriotic conduct. And yet I would ask if we find any such course pointed out for us to follow in the New Testament? To follow their example would not be walking in the steps of the great Master. Is it Christianity to receive salaries of two thousand and twenty-five hundred dollars for preaching discourses be-spinkled with quotations from Shakespeare and Milton, and drawn from Plato and Socrates? Is it Christianity to care nothing for our fellow-man, and all for ourselves? Is it Christianity to simply execute certain regular moral duties and outward forms, such as are necessary in order to worldly comfort? That is not Christianity; that is habit. Any man would do that from the lowest dictate of selfishness. It is a path that has been trodden by our fathers, and it is walked as of old. When a Christian sees a course to be followed, which calls upon him to make something like self-denial—when it calls upon him to strip off some of the beautiful adorments in which society has dressed him, and to be of no reputation—when he has to stand singly, and meet a thousand obstacles in the way of resentment, and misunderstanding, and slander; when, I say, the message comes to that man to enter into such a work, does his heart respond, Here, Lord, am I; send me whether thou wilt? When, with the call of a new idea, the Master knocks at the door of the heart of his reputed disciple, is there an answer from within, 'I am ready!' If there be such an answer, then we see a Christian.

Now, to the conservative, the respectful, the decent Christianity of the American continent, comes the call of three millions of slaves, demanding something of it—something of the white race. Duty calls her to a work of righteousness. She has followed the Sandwich Islander with salvation—she has poured out her wealth like water upon the down-trodden of every nation but her own. It was to the religiousists of the land that the slave made his appeal, and they have answered him with silence, and their friends with slander. Tried in the balance of necessities of the nineteenth century, the Church is wanting. Mr. P. proceeded with a vigorous and scathing review of the course of Christians generally. Was the Christianity of the 19th century seeking out the abodes of the poor and the destitute—relieving poverty, breaking down the unjust and cruel prejudices of men? Was she anchoring the penal code—doing away with the barbarisms of a former age? The drum-beat of Christendom was never silent the globe round. Efforts were constantly being made by her for distant nations and people, none for her crying, wounded, and broken-hearted brethren at home. He had seen in a New York paper, lately, an elaborate statement, showing that the United States was the chosen nation of the world to carry out the great missionary enterprises of the age. White-robed innocent! angel of light truly! carrying the glad message, 'she teaches no Bible, no husband, no wife,' to the bleeding and oppressed men of the South. Of all ministers, he thought the American minister was the blindest. It would seem as if he shut his own eyes, and imagined that then no one could see his delinquencies. The question they, as a Convention, as anti-slavery men, were discussing, was a plain one. We were surrounded with fugitive slaves. They had proved their manhood by their escape. Was it right to defend, to succor them? Where was the Christian man who would say no? Let him never insult Christianity by taking upon him such a religion. I can better the instructions of such a Bible.

Mr. President, if you arise at daybreak, you may go to the early prayer meeting, this week, and hear holy men wrestling with God for a blessing. Through the day, and even until the midnight hour, you will be pursued by the voices of prayer and exhortation. But they are prayers and exhortations, in which those brethren and sisters of ours have no part—in which they are not lifted up to a throne of grace. They are the Pariahs of this land, and the Brahmans pass them by. They may suffer life-long servitude; their flesh may be bared to the paddle and the lash; their souls, according to the doctrine of evangelical sects, are going down daily into everlasting perdition, for the want of the Bible that is denied them. And yet the American clergy and American Church are silent, with here and there a rare exception.

Men of Massachusetts, every thing you hear and see, to-night, is full of meaning—pregnant with thought. When you see those men and this woman stand before you, remember that, by the laws of this land, which bind you, as well as the inhabitants of South Carolina, they are slaves—the property of other men. Remember that they are denied the right to read of God, of Christ, in that gospel about which so much is heard this holy week, in this holy city. Remember that they are condemned by the decision of the American people to life-long servitude in this world, and to everlasting damnation in the world to come. Heavens, sir, what a people is this! What a nation of atheists! hypocrites! It almost seems marvelous that the fire of heaven delays—that we are not consumed, as were Sodom and Gomorrah of old, for the crimes of this people! Again, I ask you to remember, that this is the condition to which your laws have reduced these victims, and which

lays you, as Americans, sustain. Consider whether these laws, which bind you and me to their support, are legitimate laws—laws that will receive the sanction of the Most High God—for no other laws are binding upon the children of God; and in the light of these truths, and in the presence of these witnesses, swear that no fugitive slave shall ever be taken from you, and that your roof shall be a shelter, your hearth a protection; and that you will not rest until the slave, escaping here, is safe as when he lands upon the fast-anchored isle, and his fetters drop from his limbs, and he stands up a man. Let Massachusetts become indeed a free State—a State where all who inherit it, all who fly to it for refuge, shall be recognized in their humanity; their rights, as immortal beings, acknowledged, and they treated as the brethren of men and the children of God deserve to be treated. (Applause.)

We were urged, in the language of one of the resolutions, to leave the Church. This was the great stumbling block in the way of those who were at all inclined with anti-slavery sentiment. He had experienced the same impediment when he first discovered the sinful position of the American Church. He had been in the communion of the Methodist Episcopal Church for some dozen years before he left it. He had thought it the purest Church in the world. He had never regretted leaving it. Of course, he had experienced some natural regret in leaving old associations, but the voice of duty bade him bury those feelings forever. He had once been afraid that he could not live as a Christian should, without the encouragement of a Christian Church; but he believed, now, that it was clearly for a true man to have such confidence in principle, such an attachment for righteousness, as to be able to stand alone in any community, and stand upright too.

Mr. PHILLIPS would state, that Mr. Remond had never been analyzed by their Society; his explanation of that matter was a voluntary one. As regards his connection with the Free Soil movement, Mr. Remond, from his own shewing, had adopted a cause solely for expediency's sake; and as he, Mr. P., had before stated, he regarded all such connection as very unwise, and he could not but think that the safest and best course for abolitionists was to stand aloof from all such organizations, and with a single eye carry out their own pure and consistent principles.

Mrs. ABBY KELLEY FOSTER next made a few forcible remarks, urging united and vigorous action; after which, the Convention took its regular recess.

Pillsbury had receded from their former ultra positions. The truth was onward, and speakers had been going ahead; but the community had made a more rapid progress to their affiliation and conformity to anti-slavery sentiments than they were in any degree aware. Mr. Foster concluded with urging the necessity of immediate and vigorous effort in the form of personal labor and contribution in carrying forward the anti-slavery work.

Mr. C. L. REMOND wished to make a brief explanation with regard to his supposed connexion with the Free Soil party. He had voted for Stephen C. Phillips for Governor, on consideration of what he had done for the elevation of colored children in the way of colored schools, and in preference to pro-slavery candidates. He regarded the Free Soil movement simply as an expedient, while the anti-slavery cause was with him a principle.

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The foregoing is the substance of the Hon. Senator's views, so far as published.

MR. BENTON ON FREE SOIL.

St. Louis, May 29th.
WILLIAM W. BROWN will spend ten or twelve days in the State of Maine, and will lecture in Portland, Bangor, Bath, Belfast, Brunswick, Hallowell and Freeport. The meeting in Portland will be held on Sunday next, June 10th. We warmly commend Mr. Brown to the hospitality and co-operation of the friends of the slave in Maine, as a faithful, effective and eloquent advocate of those whom he cannot help remembering in their bonds as bound with them.

NOTICES.—Letters and papers for the subscriber are to be sent, for the present and until further notice in the Liberator, to him at Leicester.

SAMUEL MAY, JR.

EF On Monday next, the election for member of Congress, in the 4th District in this State, takes place; and it will be a burning shame to the political voters in that District, if they shall allow any other man than JOHN G. PALFREY to be chosen. Of his re-election we should have scarcely a doubt, if the Free Soilers had manifested any enthusiasm in his behalf; but they seem to have shuddered soundly since the last trial. Not a single convention or meeting have they held, to our knowledge; not a special effort put forth.

The Anti-Capital Punishment meetings held in the Melodeon on Friday last, were numerously attended by the moral and philanthropic wise of the Commonwealth. Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, N. Y. presided, and speeches were made by the chairman, William Henry Channing, John Pierpont, Wendell Phillips, Charles Lenox Remond, Abby Kelley Foster, Thomas Whittemore, Dexter King, John Augustus, Edward L. Keyes, W. L. Garrison, Mrs. Reddon, and others. A very deep impression was evidently made on the audience. The subject of crime and its remedy was very fully considered, and the case of Washington Goode specially referred to.

Four cases of Asiatic cholera have occurred in Boston; three of them were fatal. This was in consequence of a foreign arrival. There is no special alarm. The authorities are making vigorous efforts for the purification of the city.

The monthly report of the Treasurer of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, for May, is received, but unavoidably deferred till next week.

How does it happen that Joseph Sturge, of England, is recommending that aid be given to the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, through its annual Bazaar? Is Saul among the prophets?

The Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society contemplate holding a grand Anti-Slavery Pic-Nic in the beautiful Grove in Abington, on the 4th of July next. Particulars hereafter.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society will be held at New Haven, Columbian County, O., on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 15th, 16th and 17th of June. Henry C. Wright and Oliver Johnson will be present on the occasion.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Quincy Reif, husband of Harriet Reif, is informed that his family, consisting of wife and five children, formerly belonging to Henry Fr., of Moorefield, Henry Co., Va., are living near Martinsburg, Knox Co., Ohio.

The family were liberated by their claimant, the husband liberated himself by running away. He has not been heard of by his family since, who are filled with anxiety on his account. If he should see this, will please communicate by letter his present residence, and where he will go to, and to the editors of the Anti-Slavery Bugle, Salem, Columbian Co., Ohio, and they will see that word is forwarded to his family.

Died, in Dorchester, Mr. William Swan, a much respected citizen, aged 66 years. The circumstances of his death are somewhat singular. On Wednesday, his wife died of pleurisy fever; and though he had been previously in good health, her death so affected him, that he sickened and died in forty-eight hours afterwards. Both himself and wife were 66 years of age.

In Manchester, on Wednesday evening, 10th ultimo, Mr. Ebenezer Tappan, aged 87 years and 10 months. The deceased has been long and highly respected by his townsmen and acquaintances. He was a near relative of John, Arthur, Lewis, and Charles Tappan, and brother to Miss Martha Tappan, lately deceased, at Augusta, Maine, aged 83. Mr. T. was the oldest inhabitant in Manchester.

At Amherst, Mass., Mr. Peter Jackson, supposed to be 122 years old. He was born on the passage from Africa, was a slave to a Dutchman in Kinsberk, N. Y.

Medical and Surgical Office,

No 3 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON,

WHERE all diseases affecting the human system are treated on eclectic principles. All systems of medicine contain invaluable truths—but no one system comprises all truths. We endeavor to combine all these truths, which have borne the test of practical experiment. We refuse to be circumscribed, or limited, knowing that all that is divine is progressive. We therefore gather our information of disease and treatment from all sources, and use all the remedies which the Creator has provided for the cure of human infirmity.

Our treatment is chiefly confined to CHRONIC and OBSTINATE cases which have arrested all ordinary remedies, as Liver, Liver, &c. We also confine our attention to Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Old Sores, Abscesses, Fistulas, Piles, Worms, Dyspepsia, Nervous Diseases, Spinal Affections, Catarrh, Diseases of the Eyes, Ears, Throat, and every other part of the body, internally and externally.

Examinations made, and advice given in all cases, WITHOUT CHARGE.

JAMES MCALLISTER & CO., Proprietors.

Office No. 3 Bromfield street, Boston, and No. 127 Chambers street, New York.

June 8.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

M. M. TAYLOR.

WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Roxbury, Boston and vicinity, that he has recently opened an Office, for the purpose of carrying on the above business, in all its various branches, on DUDLEY STREET, ROXBURY, two or three doors above the Norfolk House.

No money received unless a situation is procured.

Servants of every kind supplied with good places in respectable families, and families supplied with servants, both in the city and country, at short notice, and on reasonable terms.

Roxbury, May 15, 1849.

Autobiography of Henry C. Wright.

HUMAN LIFE: Illustrated in my individual Experience as a Child, a Youth, and a Man. By Henry Clarke Wright. There is properly no history; only biography.—R. W. Emerson. Price \$1.00.

Just published, and for sale by

BELA MARSH,

25 Cornhill.

March 30.

H. PORTER.

INVENTOR and Patentee of the celebrated Burning Fluid and Lamp. Also dealer in Hanging, Side, Camphene and Solar Lamps; Wicks, Glasses, Cam-

pounds, and other materials, which will sell at very low prices.

Please call and examine.

No. 2 Court Square, Boston.

March 30.

D. R. HENRY W. WILLIAMS

AS removed to No. 10 Essex Street, Boston, where he will continue to give particular attention to DISEASES OF THE EYE.

April 6.

J. B. YERRINGTON & SON,

BOOK, NEWSPAPER AND JOB PRINTERS

LIBRATOR OFFICE, 21 CORNHILL.

March 30.



POETRY.

Reformatory.

INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE.

RANDOLPH, May 15, 1849.

To HENRY C. WRIGHT:

Suggested by hearing two Orthodox ministers expound the same text of scripture, and arrive at contrary conclusions.

Spirit benign of wisdom, throw
The mantle o'er my darkened mind;
Teach me to realize and know
The truth my spirit yearns to find.

Amid the strange, conflicting host
Of creeds promulgated by learned seers,
Th' illiterate mind is sorely toss'd
Upon a sea of doubts and fears.

One priest says, YEA—another NAY—
Is it, and 'tis not, that word;
Then how shall men unlettered say
What is, or what is not absurd?

* Search for thyself, both priests will say,—
* Search for thyself th' unerring page';
While each explains a different way
The passage which they thoughts engage.

Thus, what seemed clear is rendered dark,
When learned Doctors disagree;
And shroud the illuminating spark
With tomes of crude theology.

Or when will men see eye to eye,
And light and truth alike discern;
And throw their dubious dogmas by,
And at the feet of Jesus learn?

When healing from the tree of life,
And knowledge from the Prince of Peace,
All hearts pervert, sectarian strife
And warfare will forever cease.

Lord! I hasten, then, the happy day
When Eden-like, the earth again
Shall raise one universal lay
Of peace to Thee—Amen! amen!

Fall River, May, 1849.

W. M.

From N. Y. Anti-Slavery Standard.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Bowing thyself in dust before a book,
And thinking the great God is thine alone,
O, rash iconoclast, thou wilt not brook
What gods the Heathen carves in wood and stone;
As if the Shepherd, who from outer cold
Leads all his shivering lambs to one safe fold,
Were careful for the fashion of his crook.

There is no broken reed so poor and base,
No rush, the bending tilt of swampy blue,
But he therewith the ravenging wolf can chase,
And guide his flocks to springs and pastures new;
Through ways unlooked for, and through many lands,
Far from the rich folds built with human hands,
The gracious foot-prints of his love I trace.

And what art thou, own brother of the clod,
That from his hand the crook wouldst snatch away,
And shake, instead thy soft and sapless rod,
To scare the sheep out of the wholesome day?
Yea, what art thou, blind, unconverted Jew,
That with thy idol-volume's covers two
Wouldst make a jail to coop the living God?

Thou hearst not well those mountain organ strains,
By prophet east from Hor and Sinai caught,
Thinking the cisterns of those Hebrew brains
Drew dry the springs of the All-knowner's thought;
Nor shall thy lips be touched with living fire,
Who blow'd at old arclands with sole desire
To weld anew the spirit's broken chains.

God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wandering in the wilderness,
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
There towers the mountain of the voice no less,
Which whose seeks shall find; but he who bends,
Intent on manna still, and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves, nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy, or moan;
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,

While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.

THE EARLY DEAD.

There is a plaintive sweetness in the following (anonymous) stanzas which goes directly to the heart.

He rests—but not the rest of sleep

Weighs down his sunken eyes,

The rigid shudder is too deep!

The calm too breathless lies!

The fixed and marble brow;

There is no life-dash on the cheek,—

Death! death! I know thee now!

Pale King of Terrors! thou art here

In all thy dark array;

But 'tis the living weep and fear

Beneath thine iron sway.

Bring flowers, and crown the Early Dead,

Their hour of bondage past:

But woe for those who mourn and dread,

And linger till the last!

Spring hath its music and its bloom,

And morn its glorious light;

But still a shadow from the tomb,

A sadness and a blight,

Are ever on earth's loveliest things,

The breath of change is there,

And Death his dusky shadow flings

O'er all that's loved and fair.

So let it be—for ne'er on earth

Should man his home prepare;

The spirit feels its heavenly birth,

And spurns at mortal care.

Even when young Worth and Genius die,

Let no vain tears be shed,

But bring bright wreaths of victory,

And crown the Early Dead.

NATIONAL GUILT.

Alas! my country, fair above

All others by Heaven's goodness bless,

Are we as guilty? have we proved

Vilely ungrateful as the rest?

Stern questions these, but must be met.

Truth answer'd by their sad reply,

Ours is ingratitude as great;

And sin of quite as black a dye.

We bring ourselves stern justice down,

The bolts already thickly fly—

Shadows are gathering o'er our noon,

The tempest rolls along the sky!

Our Father God! in mercy spare!

But if thy judgments we must feel,

O! sanctify the stripes we bear,

And when thou smitest, smile to heal!

BE ACTIVE.

Man was never made for sleeping,

'Mid the stirring scenes of life;

Not for jesting, not for weeping;

But for earnest, active strife.

ventured out to gather it on Sunday, I feared lest God in his anger would smite me to the earth.

Now I believe that all the improvement or betterment of the theology of A. Campbell (with which I believe you are somewhat acquainted) made for me in this matter, was, it pointed out to me a *definite way* by which I could escape the 'wrath' of this terrible God, and get a passport to his dominions in the waters of baptism. The 'God of the Jews,' who is represented as angry, vindictive and revengeful, like a remorseless creditor, exacting the utmost farthing, I never did or could love; I only feared him; and in his presence my soul stood appalled and abashed. Jesus—I regarded him as my friend, having somewhat of the feelings of humanity; hence I was ready to cast myself into his arms, if by so doing I might, perchance, shield myself from the wrath and fury of that God who was a *consuming fire*.

For expressing these, which have been the honest and painful feelings of my heart from childhood, our theological tinkers and ecclesiastical quacks, who carry God's grace in their pockets, and peddle it out every seventh day, would forthwith consign me into the clutches of hell's chief tormentor, there to weep, wail, and quiver in anguish *for ever and ever*. Out upon them, the impious pretenders! I spit upon their assumptions, and scorn the Juggernauts they worship. Am I not to be the testifier of the truthfulness or infallibility of the scriptures which God has given me? Suppose Zachary Taylor and the rulers at Washington to be guilty of great crimes, and as a punishment Jehovah should destroy all the first-born children in the land. Pray tell me in what essential characteristic such a God differs from a demon? The priests and rulers of Carthage once thought they had done wrong; they collected three hundred of the finest and most promising youths of the city, and sacrificed them to Jehovah and Baal. Luther, a perfectly free mind, showed his independence here as in everything else. The Scripture he loved as his own life, but he held to no extravagant theory of Inspiration. His rule was simple: To know if a book is inspired, see if it preaches Christ. That which does not *inspire*, though written by Judas, Caiphas, Pilate or Herod.

Luther, it is well known, thought that the later prophecies copied from the earlier—thought some parts of the New Testament had a much higher value than other parts—preferred John's gospel to those of the Synoptics—called James's epistle 'strawy' one having more chaff than wheat, and of Paul's arguments in Galatians, 1:12, that it was 'too weak to hold.' But just so Jerome argued of another argument in the same epistle, (3:16,) that it had no force, 'but yet was good enough for the foolish Galatians.' And both Luther and Jerome would sometimes argue in the manner of those who hold to the strongest view of plenary inspiration.

It is frank to confess that the Old Testament is such a bloody book—so Draconian in spirit, representing God as continually filled with 'anger,' 'wrath,' and 'fury,' and so abounding in deeds of war, cruelty, revenge, deception, assassination and blood, that I seldom read it. I must therefore look upon it as a *human composition*, containing much that is beautiful, good and true, but filled, like its authors, with errors, mistakes and imperfections. To suppose that a man like David, who was guilty of deliberate and premeditated murder; who, in order to get another man's wife, ordered Joab to put Uriah in the 'front' of the battle to insure his death; I say, to suppose that such a man was infallibly inspired, and that his writings contain no imperfections, appears to me to be contrary to the human understanding. I have for years past spent much time in endeavoring to 'reconcile scripture.' Just as though God had given the Bible to man to be an *infallible guide*—had made a complete revelation to man—and yet man must set his wits to work to reconcile this *infallible guide* with itself—to *reconcile God's word*! Hence we have Professors of 'Biblical criticism'—'Biblical critics'—i.e. critics of God's word—or, critics of God! So it amounts to this: God wishes to make his *last, final, and complete* revelation to the world, or to those who live on one of the inferior planets called the Earth—so he makes it in Greek. Men commence translating it. Soon there become of the epistles to the Laodiceans, of which Paul speaks? I suppose it also to be a fact that the book of the Epistles to the Laodiceans, of which Paul speaks? I suppose it also to be a fact, that men set in council and decided, by their votes, what should be the 'word of God.' The Epistles of James I believe only came in by a majority of one vote. It is still a question whether the 2d of Peter, and the 2d and 3d Epistles of John, are genuine. The book of Revelation was rejected by many of the early fathers. Where, I ask, did any set of men get the authority to collect *just so many books* together, bind them under one cover, and call them 'The Holy Bible'? Is the phrase in the book? Where in the book do we find it putting forth a claim to plenary inspiration? Now is it not evident that the Bible is to every man just what he understands it to be? That it does not reveal any thing to man, *only what he understands it to reveal*? Do you understand every thing that is in the New Testament, even to say nothing of the Old? It is still a question whether the 2d of Peter, and the 2d and 3d Epistles of John, are genuine. The book of Revelation was rejected by many of the early fathers. Where, I ask, did any set of men get the authority to collect *just so many books* together, bind them under one cover, and call them 'The Holy Bible'? 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